NUMB. LVIII.

The GUARDIAN.

Nec sibi sed toti genitum se credere Mundo. Lucan.

Monday, May 18. 1713.

A Publick Spirit is so great and amiable a Character, that most People pretend to it, and perhaps think they have it in the most ordinary Occurrences of Life. Mrs. *Cornelia Lizard* buys abundance of Romances for the Encouragement of Learning; and Mrs. *Annabella* squanders away her Mony in buying fine Cloaths, because it sets a great many Poor People at Work. I know a Gentleman, who drinks vast Quantities of Ale and *October*, to encourage our own Manufacture; and another who takes his three Bottles of *French* Claret every Night, because it brings a great Custom to the Crown.

I have been led into this Chatt, by reading some Letters upon my Paper of *Thursday* was sennight. Having there acquainted the World, that I have, by long Contemplation and Philosophy attained to so great a Strength of Fancy, as to believe every thing to be my own, which other People possess only for Ostentation: It seems that some Persons have taken it in their Heads, that they are publick Benefactors to the World, while they are only indulging their own Ambition or Infirmities. My first Letter is from an Ingenious Author, who is a great Friend to his Country, because he can get neither Victuals nor Cloaths any other way.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

SIR,

'OF all the Precautions with which you have instructed the World, I like that best, which 'is upon *Natural* and *Fantastical* Pleasures, because 'it falls in very much with my own way of Thinking. As you receive real Delight from what creates 'only imaginary Satisfactions in others; so do I raise 'to my self all the Conveniences of Life, by amusing the Fancy of the World. I am, in a Word, a 'Member of that numerous Tribe, who write for 'their Daily Bread. I flourish in a Dearth of Foreign News; and though I do not pretend to the 'Spleen, I am never so well as in the time of a 'Westerly Wind. When it blows from that auspicious Point, I raise to my self Contributions 'from the *British* Isle, by affrighting my Superstitious Country-men with Printed Relations of Murders, Spirits, Prodigies or Monsters. According 'as my Necessities suggest to me, I hereby provide 'for my Being. The last Summer I paid a large 'Debt for Brandy and Tobacco, by a wonderful 'Description of a fiery Dragon, and lived for ten 'Days together upon a Whale and a Mermaid. 'When Winter draws near, I generally conjure up 'my Spirits, and have my Apparitions ready against 'long dark Evenings. From *November* last to *January* I lived solely upon Murders; and have, since 'that time, had a comfortable Subsistence from a 'Plague and a Famine. I made the Pope pay for 'my Beef and Mutton last *Lent*, out of pure Spite 'to the *Romish* Religion; and at present my good 'Friend the King of *Sweden* finds me in clean Linnen, and the *Mufti* gets me Credit at the Tavern.

'The astonishing Accounts that I record, I usually enliven with Wooden Cuts, and the like Paltry Embellishments. They administer to the Curiosity of my Fellow-Subjects, and not only advance 'Religion and Virtue, but take restless Spirits off 'from meddling with the Publick Affairs. I therefore cannot think my self an useless Burthen upon 'Earth; and that I may still do the more Good in 'my Generation, I shall give the World, in a short 'time, an History of my Life, Studies, Maxims and 'Atchievements; provided my Bookseller advances 'a round Sum for my Copy.

I am, SIR,

Yours.

The

(Price Two Pence.)